

Andrew Marshall Woods



My friend and teammate (all the way through high school) [Sean Belle](#) (lower left) posted this photo [on Facebook]. It must have been taken in the 5th or 6th grade. Sean's dad (upper right) was the coach of this team and did such a wonderful job getting us all started in this sport. This photo is somewhat sentimental to me since it represents my first memory of playing organized basketball. This was a sport I played all the way through jr. and sr. high school and eventually for four years in college. At the University of Redlands (an NCAA Division III school) I played one year of JV and three years of varsity. Well, as Sean will testify, I probably never was the greatest basketball player that ever walked the face of the earth. I think I went as far with this sport as I could with what I had. However, running up and down the court all of those years and trying to throw the stupid ball in the hoop taught my countless life lessons which I could have never learned by merely sitting in a classroom. During those years God taught me so much about Himself as well as the importance of team work, endurance, preparation, never giving up, dealing with discouragement, staying humble when successful, playing through pain, trying to keep a positive mental attitude, maintaining sportsman-like conduct, etc... Despite my mediocrity at the sport, I wouldn't trade those years for anything. Thanks so much to coach Bell in getting the process started. I feel sorry for kids who never get these experiences. I am also disturbed by the trend I see in public education where physical education (P.E.) is no longer receiving the funding or support or importance that it once received. If you have young kids at home, please

encourage them in the direction of organized sports. A curricula awaits them far beyond what can be gained through academics. Thanks Sean for the memories and perspective and for allowing me to do a little reminiscing.